

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring Jim Drathen
BLACK JACK

WESTERN

10c

JULY

10c

NO. 15

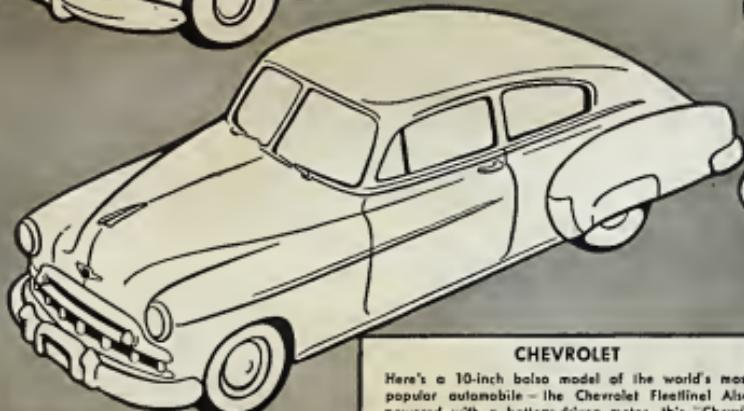


IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE
OUTLAW
POSSE!**

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

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Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



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Mel

PARNELL

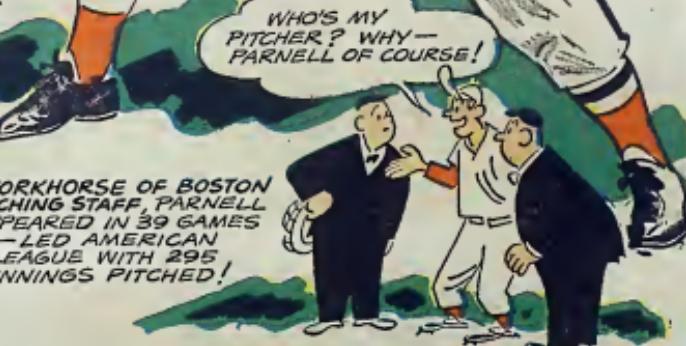
CHAMPION PITCHER
OF THE
BOSTON
RED SOX



PARNELL'S 25 VICTORIES AND 2.78 EARNED RUN AVERAGE LAST SEASON TOPPED AMERICAN LEAGUE. STYLISH SOUTHPAW NOTCHED TOTAL OF 40 GAMES - WON IN FIRST TWO SEASONS WITH RED SOX!



WORKHORSE OF BOSTON PITCHING STAFF, PARNELL APPEARED IN 39 GAMES - LED AMERICAN LEAGUE WITH 295 INNINGS PITCHED!



"I ADVISE YOUNG ATHLETES - OR ANYONE - TO GET WITH WHEATIES RIGHT AWAY," SAYS MEL PARNELL. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES HAND OUT GOOD NOURISHMENT THAT HELPS ME KEEP GOING FULL SPEED DURING A TOUGH GAME. I'VE EATEN WHEATIES FOR YEARS!"

"WHEATIES"
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



ROCKY LANE WESTERN • Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor V. A. PROVISIERO • Art Editor AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



SHEER TERROR, STRIKING AT THE HEARTS OF BRAVE MEN, SENDS THEM STAMPEDING IN WILD PANIC WHILE AN INVISIBLE ROBBER PLUNDERS AT WILL...UNTIL UNDERCOVER MARSHAL ROCKY LANE HURLS HIS COURAGE AND THE CRUSHING POWER OF HIS FISTS INTO A SMASHING SHOWDOWN !

AT A RUSTLERS' HIDE-OUT HIGH IN THE SIERRAS.....

RECKON WE'LL HAVE TUH QUIT RUSTLING FOR A SPELL UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF !

YEAH, BOSS ! THEM POSSES ARE MIGHTY SET ON STRETCHING OUR NECKS - IF THEY CATCH US ! THESE PARTS ARE UNHEALTHY FER RUSTLERS !



RIGHT ! I GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING THAT'S NOT SO RISKY !

SHORE, BUT WHUT ? THINGS'RE JUST AS HARD FER ROAD AGENTS !





BECAUSE THIS TRAINED
GRIZZLY IS WORTH A
FORTUNE--THE WAY I
AIM TUH USE HIM!

WHUT'S THE PLAN,
BOSS?



I'LL HIT INTO TOWN AND PLAY IN A SALOON
FER THE FOLKS! WHEN I RECKON THE TILL
IS LOADED, I PLAY "BUFFALO GAL,"
WHICH'LL BRING IN THE
GRIZZLY!

THEN
WHAT?



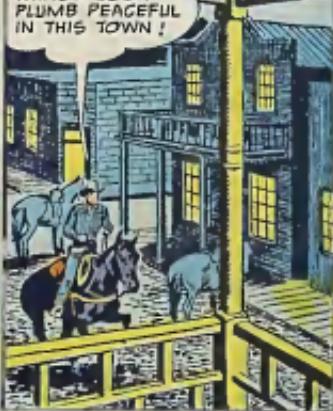
WHEN HE COMES IN
THROUGH THE BACK DOOR,
FOLKS ARE GONNA BUST
OUT THE FRONT DOOR--
LEAVING ME ALONE WITH
THE MONEY! GIT IT?

HAW, HAW! AND YUH
CLEAN OUT THE
MONEY AND RUN,
ACTING SCARED
AS ANYBODY!
MIGHTY SLICK!

SHORE! IT
CAN'T MISS!
I'LL GIT
STARTED
TONIGHT!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AS **ROCKY
LANE**, IRON-FISTED, YOUNG
UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, THUNDERS
INTO TOWN ON HIS GREAT
STALLION, BLACK JACK

EASY, OLD PARD!
THINGS LOOK
PLUMB PEACEFUL
IN THIS TOWN!



SUDENLY

GRIZZLY!
RUN FER
YORE LIVES!
HELP!

COME ON, BLACK JACK!
IT APPEARS THINGS
AREN'T AS PEACEFUL
AS WE FIGURED!



IF THERE'S A GRIZZLY ON THE
LOOSE IN THERE, THIS IS GOING
TO CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY
STRAIGHT SHOOTING TO
BRING IT DOWN!

HELP!

HELP!





WITHOUT WARNING, ROCKY WHIRLS AND COVERS THE STARTLED CROWD.....

ANY OF YOU I'M GOING TO SEARCH EVERYONE! SOMEBODY TOOK THAT MONEY AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHO!



AFTER A BRISK AND FRUITLESS SEARCH OF THE BEWILDERED CROWD.....

NOTHING ON YOU EITHER! SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, FOLKS, BUT I AIM TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

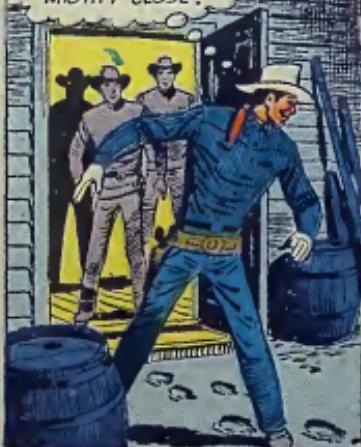
YOU CAN SEARCH ME ALL YUH WANT! I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY!



HMM! NONE OF THEM HAD THE MISSING MONEY AND NONE OF THEM HAD A CHANCE TO GET RID OF IT. IF THEY DID TAKE IT! I WONDER IF THAT GRIZZLY DID STEAL THE MONEY?



IT COULD HAVE BEEN A MAN IN A BEAR SKIN! I AIM TO STUDY MR. GRIZZLY'S TRACKS MIGHTY CLOSE!



HMM! NO MAN COULD HAVE MADE A TRACK THAT DEEP! IT WAS A GRIZZLY ALL RIGHT, AND A MIGHTY BIG ONE AT THAT! RECKON I'D BETTER CALL BLACK JACK AND GET ON ITS TRAIL AT ONCE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN







ROCKY LANE WESTERN





... AND SLOWLY RISES TO CIRCLE THE CAVE WITH THE CUMBERSOME MAJESTY OF A WALTZING BEAR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN











**PARDNERS! MY OFFICIAL OK
GOES WITH THESE HICKOK BELTS,
WALLETS AND SUSPENDERS!**

"MY GENUINE LEATHER WALLET
ZIPS SHUT! THAT'S ME AND
TRIGGER IN COLOR. INSIDE
YOU'LL FIND YOUR MEMBER-
SHIP CARD IN MY ROY
ROGERS RIDERS CLUB!"

\$1.50

SAYS

ROY ROGERS

"MY ROY ROGERS SHERIFF'S
BADGE BELT IS MADE OF
GENUINE LEATHER.

IT HAS A MAN-SIZE
COWPUNCHERS BUCKLE. THAT'S
MY SIGNATURE, AND COLOR PICTURES
OF ME AND TRIGGER ALL AROUND!" \$1.50

"THESE SUSPENDERS COME IN MIGHTY
HANDY TO HELP HOLD UP YOUR
SIX-GUNS. THERE'S A ROY
ROGERS SHERIFF BADGE AND
A STEER'S HEAD KIP-
TIP ON EACH STRAP."

\$1.00

THE ONLY GENUINE ROY ROGERS
BELTS, WALLETS & SUSPENDERS
ARE MADE BY

HICKOK

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

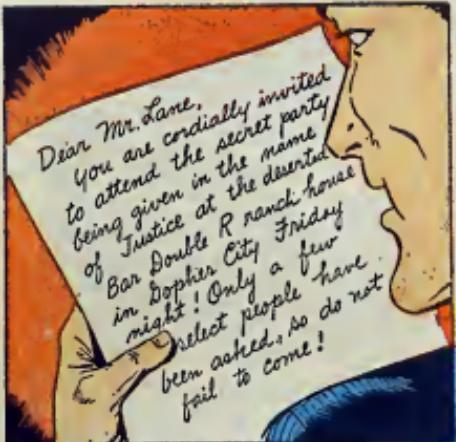
Rocky Lane

and

PRAIRIE REVENGE



REVENGE IS ALWAYS COSTLY! NOT ONLY TO THE VICTIM, BUT TO THE REVENGER, AS WELL! BUT TRYING TO MAKE A HATE-FILLED KILLER REALIZE THIS IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT WHICH THREATENS TO CUT SHORT THE LIFE OF ROCKY LANE, DARING UNDERCOVER MARSHAL!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A SECRET PARTY IN A DESERTED RANCH HOUSE! IT SOUNDS LIKE A PRAGICAL JOKE TO ME! EVEN IF IT'S ON THE LEVEL, CHIEF, I HAVE NO TIME FOR IT! WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?

THE PARTY'S YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HARD AND A LITTLE RELAXATION WILL DO YOU, GOOD! THAT'S AN ORDER!

IF IT'S AN ORDER, OKAY, CHIEF! TODAY'S FRIDAY SO WE'D BETTER START MOVING IF WE'RE GOING TO GET TO GOPHER CITY IN TIME! LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!

HAVE FUN, ROCKY!

CHIEF MARSHAL OFFICE

GOPHER CITY... WELL, HERE WE ARE AT LAST, BLACK JACK! I SEE SOMEONE'S INSIDE ALREADY!





BUT AT THAT SECOND.....





I'M NOT WASTING ANY MORE TIME! I'M GETTING OUT RIGHT NOW! THERE MUST BE A BACK ENTRANCE THROUGH THIS DOOR!

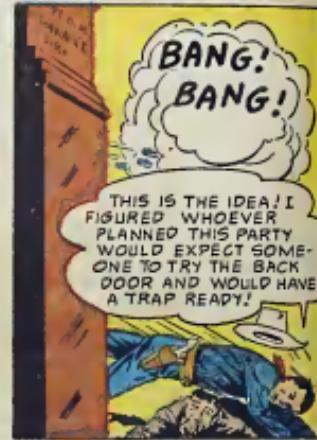
HOLD IT!

BUT THE TERRIFIED JEFF HAGEN PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ROCKY, SO...

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRIPPING ME?

WHIZZ!

BANG! BANG!



WHERE DID THOSE BULLETS COME FROM?

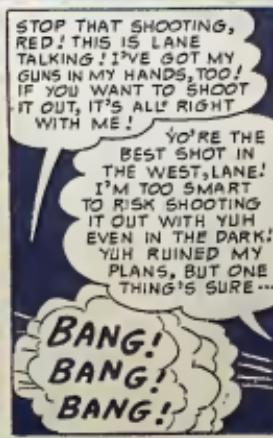
THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK! THERE'S PROBABLY SOME KIND OF SHOOTING CONTRAPTION RIGGED UP INSIDE IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT, LANE! I'M (GULP!) IT'S RED KAREVY, BUT I CONTRAPTION!

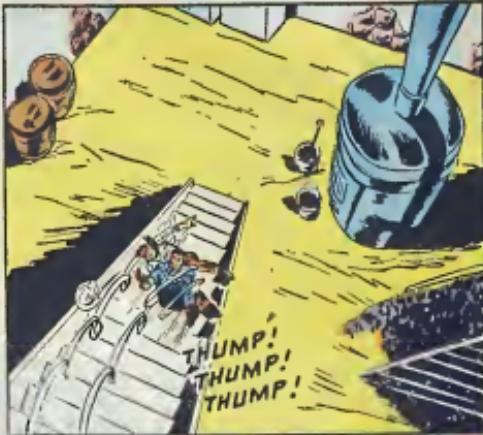
KAREVY, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN JAIL!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR and

Rocky Lane

BRONC FURY

A BLACK JACK STORY



NOTCH NUGENT AND THE WALL-EYED, HAMMER-HEADED OUTLAW BRONC HE FORKED WERE OF THE SAME BREED.. A CROSS BETWEEN A RATTLER AND THE DEVIL, THE BRAZEN NOTCHES ON HIS SIX-GUNS BORE SILENT WITNESS TO THE DEADLY SPEED OF HIS LIGHTNING DRAW. SUCH WERE THE EVIL PAIR THAT HURLED THEIR CHALLENGE AT THE LAW TO SEND **ROCKY LANE** AND HIS STALLION, **BLACK JACK**, HURTLING DOWN THE GUN-SMOKE TRAIL FOR A SMASHING SHOWDOWN OF SIX-GUNS AND HORSEFLESH. IN **BRONC FURY!**

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE ALL-STAR WILD WEST SHOW AS ITS OWNER, FRANK PORTER, APPROACHES NOTCH NUGENT AND HIS OUTLAW BRONC, RED DEVIL.....

HERE COMES OLD MONEYBAGS A-HOLLERRING FOR ME, RED DEVIL! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS NOW? HE'S GOT MORE CHORES FOR FOLKS THAN A COYOTE HAS FLEAS!

HEY, NOTCH! WHERE IN THUNDER WERE YOU?



I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO START AND THE TICKET SELLER IS SICK! FILL IN FOR HIM UNTIL YOUR PART IN THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY ACT AND... TIE UP THAT OUTLAW BRONC OF YOURS! BRRR! THAT GAYUCE IS PLUMB POISON CLEAR THROUGH!

SHORE, BOSS, SHORE!





A FEW MINUTES LATER.....



IN A FEW MINUTES THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY ACT GOES ON AND WE GO BACK TO RIDING THE OUTLAW TRAIL AGAIN, RED DEVIL ! FIRST, I'LL ROB THE CASHIER, AND YUH CAN AMBLE BACK TONIGHT AND RUSTLE THE REMUDA OF BRONCS, JUST AS YUH USED TO DO IN THE OLD DAYS !



WHILE IN A FRONT BOX, ROCKY LANE, DOUGHY UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, TALKS TO HIS GREAT-HEARTED STALLION, THE RENOWNED BLACK JACK, AS THE FEATURE ACT BEGINS.....

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE OFFER THE STELLAR ATTRACTION OF THE EVENING -- THE GREAT STAGECOACH ROBBERY !

EASY, BLACK JACK ! HA, HA ! YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE PLUMB ITCHING TO ROUND UP THOSE MASKED MEN ! THIS IS JUST AN ACT !





HEN SUDDENLY THE LONG AWAITED SIGN COMES AS THE OUTLAW BRONC'S FLANK QUIVERS AND HE SWERVED, FALTERING. BLACK JACK'S BURNING SPEED HAD RUN RED DEVIL INTO THE GROUND!

WE'VE GOT HIM! HE'S TIRING! NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! GO GET HIM, BOY! I'M GIVING YOU YOUR HEAD!



RUN, BLAST YORE MANGY HIDE--RUN! HE'S GAINING ON US AT EVERY JUMP!



I MADE THE TIMBERLAND ANYWAY! I RECKON THAT MUST BE ROCKY LANE ON MY TRAIL 'CAUSE ONLY HIS BRONC, BLACK JACK, COULD'VE RUN DOWN RED DEVIL! BUT HE'S NOT GITTING ME BECAUSE I AIM TO GIT HIM FIRST!



I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST! I'LL TIE THIS ROPE AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THIS TREE LIKE THIS, AND...



...SET A TRAP FOR 'IM! I'LL JUST COVER THIS ROPE STRETCHED ACROSS THE TRAIL WITH THESE PINE NEEDLES.



NOW TO SEND YOU UP THE TRAIL ALONE-- WHILE I WAIT FOR ROCKY LANE! HE'LL BE SO BENT ON FOLLOWING YORE TRACKS HE WON'T BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ME! HAW! HAW! I AIM ON GIVING HIM THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HERE HE COMES! NOW TO SPRING MY TRAP!





AS ROCKY LANE'S LITHE BODY HITS THE GROUND, HE ROLLS WITH THE AGILITY OF A PANTHER. HIS HANDS STREAK TOWARD HIS HOLSTERS AND HIS SIX-GUNS ROAR AS HE MATCHES THE LIGHTNING DRAW OF THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW!



Y-YOU SHOT THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND! RIGHT! AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A HEAP EASIER TO HAVE SHOT THE HEART OUT OF YOUR THIEVING CARGASS!



DON'T MAKE A MOVE FOR YOUR GUN--I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

YOU STILL CAN'T WIN, LAWMAN, YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE

BULLET LEFT IN YORE GUN AND YOU'RE HIT BAD! HA, HA! YOU'RE GIT-TING WEAKER ALL THE TIME!



BEFORE LONG YOU'LL BE DROPPING YORE GUN, AND WHEN YOU DO, I AIM TO KILL YOU! BUT WHILE I'M WAITING, I RECKON I'LL SEND MY BRONC, RED DEVIL, BACK TO RUN OFF THE SHOW STOCK OF HOSSSES! GIT GOING, RED DEVIL, AND RUSTLE THOSE BRONCS!



SHORE! I TAUGHT HIM TO RUSTLE AND HE'S AS GOOD AT IT AS I AM! WE'RE OF THE SAME BREED, AND TO PROVE IT, I AIM TO HAVE HIM KILL YOU WHEN HE GIT'S BACK WITH THE STOLEN HOSSSES! HA, HA! IF YOU USE YORE LAST BULLET ON HIM, I'LL GIT YOU! YOU'RE PLUMB LICKED!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU WINDY-MOUTHED SIDEWINDER! I RECKON BLACK JACK WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR OUTLAW BRONC WHILE I TAKE CARE OF YOU! GET GOING, BLACK JACK, ON THE TRAIL OF THAT RUSTLING BRONC AND BRING BACK THE SHERIFF--PRONTO!

HAW! HAW! YORE BRONC MAY OUTRUN MINE, BUT RED DEVIL'LL PLUMB KILL HIM IN A FIGHT! HE'S PURE KILLER, THROUGH AND THROUGH!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SHOW GROUNDS, RED DEVIL STRIKES WITH THE SUDDEN FURY OF A CYCLONE!

HELP! THIS DANGED CAYUSE IS GONE PLUMB LOCO!
HELP!
SHERIFF!



THE TWO GREAT STALLIONS MEET IN AN EARTH-SHAKING TEST OF STRENGTH.....



....ENGAGING IN GRIM BATTLE! BLACK JACK WHIRLS TO THE ATTACK WITH FLYING FORE FEET AND THE VIOLENT OUTLAW LUNGES UNDER HIS GUARD SEEKING A DEATH HOLD WITH HIS BARED, POWERFUL TEETH!



BUT THE GALLANT BLACK JACK HAS MET THIS VIOLENT BREED BEFORE! HIS HARD HOOFs BEAT ON HIS OPPONENT AS HE AVOIDS THE MURDEROUS JAWS OF RED DEVIL....



THE GREAT STALLION FORCES THE OUTLAW TO THE GROUND INTO THE DUST OF DEFEAT.....

THAT BLACK STALLION IS THE FIGHTIN'EST, ALL AROUND RIP-SHORTIN'EST BRONC I EVER SAW! HE'S GOT THAT OTHER BRONC PLUMB BEAT TO THE GROUND, AND NOW HE'S AIMING TO PUSH HIM CLEAN THROUGH IT!

RAY!
WHATTA HORSE!



MAGNIFICENT IN VICTORY, BLACK JACK PROCLAIMS A CHALLENGE OF THE RANGE, OVER HIS FALLEN FOE.....

HE APPEARS TO BE LOOKING AT YOU, SHERIFF!

LISTEN TO THET! I'LL BE DANGED IF HE ISN'T CHALLENGING ANY OTHER HOSS ON THE RANGE THAT MIGHT BE MINDED TO SIDE IN WITH THE OUTLAW!



SUDDENLY....

HALP! THE CRITTER'S GONE PLUMB LOGO! HE'S AFTER ME!

I'M MAKING TRACKS OUT OF HERE FAST! THAT BRONC IS TOO MUCH FOR ANYONE!



LOOK! THAT BRONC IS TOSSING THE SHERIFF INTO THE SADDLE ON HIS BACK AND MAKING OFF WITH HIM, AS IF HE WANTED TO TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE! LET'S FOLLOW HIM, MEN!

WHAT IN Tarnation-???



THE FAITHFUL BLACK JACK RACES BACK TO HIS BELOVED MASTER, ROCKY LANE, IN FULFILLMENT OF HIS LAST COMMAND.....

HOWDY, SHERIFF! I SEE BLACK JACK CAME THROUGH WITH HELP LIKE I ASKED HIM TO! I RECKON YOU'D BETTER TAKE OVER! I'M KIND OF DROWSY... (GASP)

SO THAT'S IT! I RECKON BLACK JACK FIGURED HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO COAX US TO FOLLOW HIM, SO HE TOOK THE BULL PLUMBS BY THE HORNS!

!



SOMETIMES LATER.....

I RECKON I'LL BE HITTING THE TRAIL AGAIN, SHERIFF! THE DOCTOR PATCHED ME UP AS GOOD AS NEW AND YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL NOW!

THANKS TO YOU, ROCKY LANE! AND TO BLACK JACK! WITH A BRONC LIKE HIM...

...TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, I RECKON YOU'LL BE PLUMB SAFE, GOME WHUT BLACK JACK MAY!

IS THE BEST PARD A MAN COULD HAVE! SO LONG, SHERIFF!





1¢



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DOUBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

FRANK H. FLEER, CORP.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.



ROPIN' N RIDIN'

With

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, Podners:

Before sitting down to write this letter to you I sure was busy. I was readin' all the letters that have been coming in from you chronies of mine - letters from all over the country - when a thought struck me that I am proud to pass on to you.

I thought what a great thing education is. You know everybody can read and write these days, but back in the old days when folks were settling the frontiers of the West and making trails through wild unexplored country, they left signs along their trails for the others to follow! These "signs" were not written signs like we've got today for folks to read, because most of the early settlers never had the chance to get any book learning and they couldn't read. Many times a twig left in the crotch of a tree branch pointed the way. A stack of stones in a heap marked a turn in the trail. A patch of bark blazed off a tree meant you were still on the trail. These were some of the "signs" that folks went by. Everybody got to know what these "signs" meant, and right quick, too. For if a wagon train or a party of settlers got lost, it might mean disaster. Yes Sir, nobody was fool enough to disobey a "sign" back in the old days. It might mean life or death.

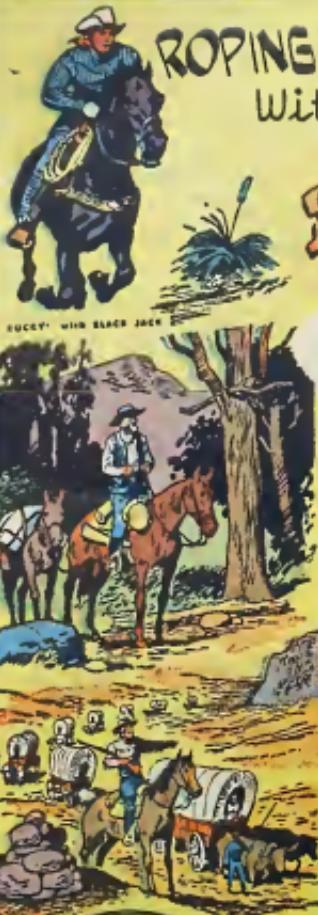
Times have changed, though. Now everybody can read. The only trouble is now folks take signs for granted, and some folks even disobey them, which is something the trail-wise old-timer wouldn't think of doing. To his way of thinking, obeying a sign was the only sure way of sidestepping a heap of trouble.

I reckon I'll holster my pencil now and high-tail it for the nearest Post Office so you pards of mine will get this letter on time. Till next month be good to each other and obey all signs - especially traffic signs - and we'll always be

Your pals,

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
and BLACK JACK U

P.S. Our latest movie adventures now showing on your local screens are "THE WYOMING BANDIT" and "NAVAJO TRAIL RAIDERS."



RED SWIFT Outfoots the Champ!



GEE RED...
HOW D'YA
DO IT?

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL
- AND LEARN THIS TRICK!

TRADE
MARK

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
1931

RED'S GOT IT, FELLAS. BALL-BAND WITH THE RED BALL ON THE SOLE. EXTRA SPRINGY - WITH SPECIAL ARCH-GARD[®] REALLY SURE-FOOTED! PERFECT FOR THIS TILTING TRICK. BEND YOUR KNEES IN A FAKE FALL. WHEN YOUR MAN LUNGES FORWARD AT YOU-DUCK HIS POLE AND SHOVE HIM OVER AND OUT.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO. MISHAWAKA, INDIANA



Rocky Lane

PUZZLE PAGE



ACROSS

- Empty a lady's bag
- Not a bit
- Rock-horn-e
- Stranded, like a ship on the beach
- To copy
- Part of the foot
- Cookies
- Misers
- Vegetable
- Forward
- Charles books
- Sugars with acid
- Kind, able.
- More pleasant

DOWN

- Conductor's stick
- Tent
- Wife
- Rebuilt
- Percentage, often in charge of the vessel's ready goods
- Advantage
- Sail's sail and till
- Device used in loading heavy goods
- By
- Tarot
- Extorting
- Prepared for action
- To poster

- Coloured, like a woman's hand
- Animal collection
- Huge anaconda snake
- Shallow
- Hunting blade
- Small sailing yacht
- Female deer
- Emergency boat
- To be mistaken
- Sandige
- To send money
- Jumbled type
- Understeering of a ship, keeping it steady
- Driven sideways while sailing forward
- Star-crossing
- Artificial work
- Anagram
- Placiphore
- Surf exactly, like a ship out of control
- Getting a vessel off the bottom
- Star up
- Frozen rule
- Old oil
- Dugged

- Joined
- Mountain peasant
- Migratory worker or itinerant
- Source of milk
- Man the average
- Very bright blue abalone
- Cloud
- Naval chief
- A hole in the boat
- Grassy stem
- Supply with weapons
- Whip under saddle
- Martin
- Repair a damaged vessel
- SHM
- Pulled by rope or cable
- An ailing time
- Ends
- Edge
- Toss
- Cravat
- Famous island in the Pacific Ocean
- Seashell; abalone
- Toward



SPECIAL OFFER!

YOU...
CAN GET
'ROCKY'S'
PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!
SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Enclose this coupon and 25¢ for one LARGE photo of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

— print plainly —

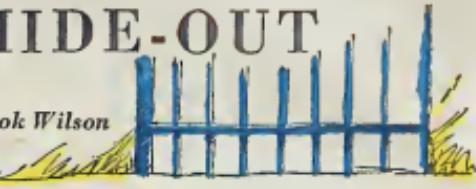
NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

(If you want 5 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$1.00. Address: ROCKY LANE, 4024 North Radford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)



SECRET HIDE-OUT



By Westbrook Wilson

CLAIM yo're innocent, huh?" The sheriff peered at Greg Higgins under bushy white brows. When the sheriff spoke, his white mustache wiggled and you could see the two missing teeth in his mouth.

"I'm innocent," grumbled Greg. "I did not kill Wendell Blister. I didn't! But I'm a stranger in town. What chance have I got?"

"Not much," said the sheriff, puffing his long black cigar. "Not much, unless you've got confidence in me."

"Huh?" asked Greg.

The sheriff bent close to Greg. Greg could have easily hit him and knocked him out. But he knew he was locked in, and if he knocked out the sheriff, a deputy would come and take care of him. So Greg held his fists at his side.

"Listen," continued the sheriff. "I think you're innocent too. But I can't prove it right off, any more than you can."

"Well?"

"If you get yourself strung up for Wendell Blister's killing, then the case is closed," said the sheriff. "That's how it is. If a so-called killer dances at the end of a rope, that's the end of that case. Then you wait for the next case, and you may have to wait as much as two or three minutes. But I don't think you killed Blister."

"Why?" asked Greg Higgins, still suspicious.

"No motive," said the sheriff, running his big rough hand across the white bristles of his mustache. "Wendell Blister was a no-good lout and many folks thought he deserved killing. But you're a stranger. You couldn't have known."

"Your deputies arrested me," commented Greg drily.

"Sure! Sure!" said the sheriff. "Had no choice. Found you near the body."

"I saw the man lying there. I thought he was hurt. I ran up to see if I could help him. It's what anybody with a half-a-heart would do!" asserted Greg Higgins.

"Sure! Sure!" agreed the sheriff. "I believe that. But the deputy found you there. You were the most likely suspect. You are a stranger in town. You had to be locked up!"

The sheriff was silent and Greg didn't comment either.

At last the lawman said, "Boy, you've got to trust me. If you do what I say, you save your skin. If you don't, you not only lose your skin, but you practically put an end to good law in these parts."

"Why should I trust you?" asked young Greg.

"No reason," responded the sheriff. "Unless you got the sense to judge an honest man from a crook. And if you haven't got that sense, then you won't live long anyhow."

Greg frowned and looked at the sheriff.

"Now I think you're honest, and I'm staking my star on you," continued the man with the badge. "The way I got it figured, though I can't prove a thing, is that Wendell Blister had found out that Two-King Kelly, the foreman, was really rustling cattle from the GG ranch. Two-King put Wendell to sleep to keep him quiet. Then you came along, got yourself arrested, and played right into Two-King's hands."

"So?" asked Greg.

"So, if you get lynched for it, Two-King can't be accused!" said the lawman.

Greg watched him, with speculative eyes.

"The thing I want to ask you to do is not

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

to try to escape," said the sheriff, finally. "If you get a chance to escape, don't! Two-King would like to shoot you down while trying to escape—and that would be fine—for him. You'd have branded yourself as guilty."

"How could I escape?" asked Greg, bitterly.

"Somebody might slip a gun through those bars," said the lawman, nodding toward the windows. "Then you could put the gun on old Moe when he brings you your supper. You'd be out in no time and free as a breeze—till somebody put a slug through you."

Greg again was silent, thoughtful.

"Course, if you trust me and do what I say, you'll be a free man inside of twenty-four hours," said the sheriff. "You stay in the cell, no matter what, and if you hear me outside yelling 'Lynch mob,' you roll under the bunk real quick like and press yourself against the wall."

With that the sheriff called for old Moe, who let him out of the cell. Greg sat on his crude bunk, puzzled by the whole thing. He didn't want to trust the sheriff, whose own deputies had arrested him. And yet there was something about the lawman that he liked. He was startled from his thoughts by something that plunked into the cell at the base of the barred window.

Greg picked it up. It was a pistol. Attached was a note that said, "Shoot your way out, Higgins." (signed) "A Friend."

Greg hefted the gun. "It would be so easy to catch old Moe off balance," he thought. Then he tossed the gun in a corner. He would take a chance on the honesty of the sheriff.

Greg awoke from a dead sleep. He wasn't sure, at first, what had awakened him. Then he heard the repeated words, "Lynch mob." A terror filled his heart. Greg Higgins was not a coward, but the thought of a mob of mad killers struck ice into his veins. Instinctively, remembering the words of the sheriff, he rolled under his cot.

He could hear the shouts, the running feet,

the pounding on the jail doors. He was hunted! The fear that had clouded his mind for an instant departed. He thought how foolish he had been to roll under, to try to hide under the cot. Once the lynch mob got into the cell, they would tip the cot, first thing, and find him. It was foolish.

Still, the sheriff should know what he was talking about. He had said, "Roll under the bunk quick like and press yourself against the wall."

Desperate, Greg pressed against the wall. The floor beneath him gave way, and he plunged downward. He landed, more startled than hurt, on a cushion of grass sacks. Above he heard the tramping of feet and cries of, "He isn't here! He broke jail. But how?"

A ladder was poked through the hole. Greg looked up. The sheriff was there with a welcome hand.

"Well, Greg," said the lawman, "you're back in a cell, but you'll notice the other door is open. You're free as a bird. You can go. However, before you do, I might explain a couple of things. Two-King had one of his boys slip a gun to you. They wanted you to try a break so you could be shot down. When you didn't, they planned a lynching.

"But of course I had prepared for that kind of thing long ago. I knew that sometimes a sheriff can't stand up against a lynch mob so I had that secret trap door built under the cell bunk. Works pretty good, huh?"

"Swell!" gasped Greg.

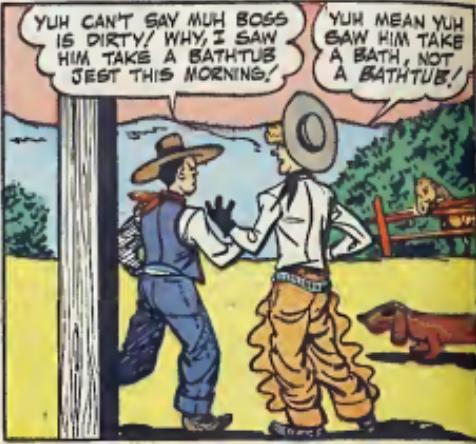
"Well," continued the sheriff, "when all their plans went wrong, one of the men slipped and named Two-King as the murderer. Two-King and his men all began accusing each other. We've got 'em all. You're free. Only thing is, if you haven't got a job right off, I could use another deputy."

"I'm ready," replied Greg. He reached out and shook hands with the lawman, very solemnly. It was the beginning of a long partnership.

THE END



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BLACK JACK'S Hitching Post

HOWDY, PARD'S! WELCOME TO BLACK JACK'S HITCHING POST! A HEAP OF YOU PARD'S HAVE WRITTEN IN ASKING ABOUT THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF WESTERN SADDLES BLACK JACK USES, SO HE'S GOING TO WEAR THEM FOR ALL YOU PARD'S TO SEE!

THIS IS BLACK JACK'S DOUBLE-CINCH TEXAS RIG. SOME FOLKS CALL IT A "SURE-FIRE" RIG. IT'S NOT AS FANCY-LOOKING AS SOME OF THE OTHER TYPE RIGS, BUT YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT UNDER ALL KINDS OF CONDITIONS. IT'S RUGGED, WON'T SLIP, AND THERE'S NOT A CRITTER ON THE RANGE THAT'LL KNOCK IT FROM YOUR BRONC'S BACK.



MANY SADDLES USED ON THE RANGE ARE BUILT FOR SPECIAL "DOINGS." THIS ONE, CALLED A "ROPER" RIG, SETS LOW ON A BRONC, AND THE RIDER'S WEIGHT PUTS MOST OF THE STRAIN ON THE BRONC'S BACK WHEN AN ORNERY STEER IS BEING ROPED AND THROWN. THIS PREVENTS THE SADDLE FROM SLIPPING.

THIS ONE IS CALLED A "BUCKING CONTEST SADDLE" AND IS USED FOR JUST THAT -- WORKING THE KINKS OUT OF BAD BRONCS. THE HIGH CANTLE AND THE SNUG "SWELL" ARE A BIG HELP TO A COWBOY WHO AIMED TO STICK.



THEN THERE ARE SPECIAL RIGS BUILT FOR TRICK RIDERS TO HELP THEM DO STUNTS. THE ONE SHOWN HERE IS A POPULAR TYPE WITH HANDLES BUILT IN BACK. SOME MIGHTY FANCY STUNTS CAN BE DONE WITH IT.

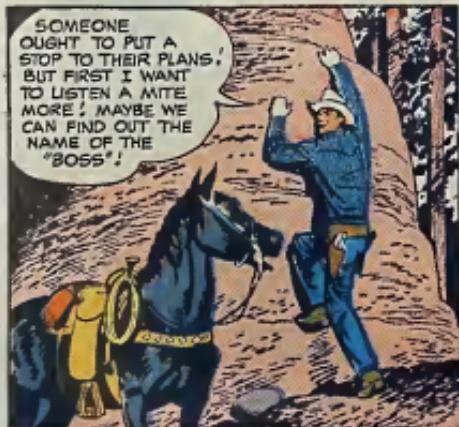
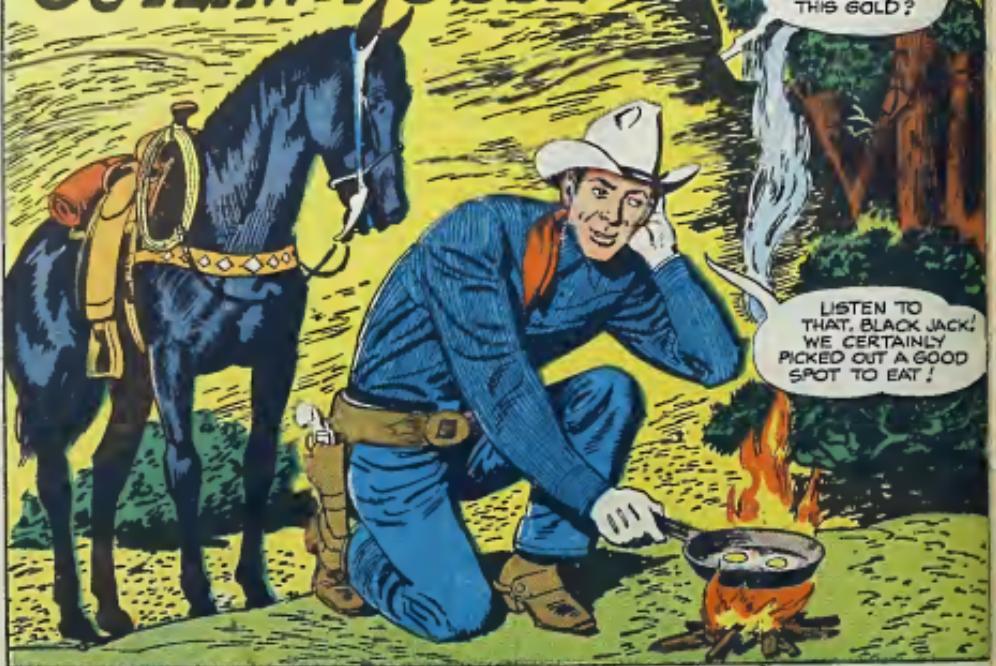


THE REAL FANCY RIG BLACK JACK IS WEARING HERE IS USED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. IT IS HAND-TOOLED LEATHER AND MOUNTED WITH SILVER AND GOLD. BLACK JACK IS REAL PROUD OF IT, TOO!

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in the
OUTLAW POSSE



"I'LL FOLLOW THEM TO THE 'BOSS'" AND THEN I'LL ROUND THEM ALL UP!



BUT THE OUTLAWS HEAR THE CLANG OF ROCKY'S SPURS AS HE CLIMBS DOWN--

I DON'T KNOW! BUT KEEP QUIET! I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW
WHO'S
THAT?
WE'VE SPOTTED
HIM---
YET!



AS ROCKY JUMPS TO THE GROUND,

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YUH WERE UP TO, BUT THIS WILL MAKE SURE YUH DON'T GIT IN OUR WAY!



AND WHEN ROCKY LANE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---

OHHH, MY HEAD!
WHOEVER CLOUTED ME
BROUGHT ME HERE! I
DON'T KNOW WHERE I
AM EXCEPT THAT THIS
SEEMS LIKE SOME
KIND OF CELLAR!



WHILE UPSTAIRS--

AND, WHEN WE
WENT THROUGH
HIS BELONGINGS, BOSS, WE
DISCOVERED HE WAS AN UNDER-
COVER MARSHAL, SO WE
BROUGHT HIM HYAR!

IT WAS A STROKE
OF LUCK CAPTUR-
ING AN UNDER-
COVER MARSHAL!



NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WEAR ANY PHONY
BADGES LIKE I PLANNED! I'LL WEAR ROCKY
LANE'S BADGE! AND
SINCE HE'S A SECRET
MARSHAL AND NO ONE
KNOWS HIM, I CAN EVEN
USE HIS CREDENTIALS!
THIS'LL MAKE IT EVEN
EASIER TO GET THE
GOLD!

JUST HOW ARE YUH
AIMING TO GET
THE GOLD, TWERP?



THE GOLD IS TO BE PICKED UP AT THE DEPOT
IN CARSON CITY AND DELIVERED TO THE BANK! I
AIM TO MEET THE TRAIN AT VALLEY JUNCTION AND
SAY WE WERE SENT OUT TO GET THE GOLD TO
PREVENT ANY ROBBERY IN CARSON CITY! THIS BADGE
SHOULD HELP US DO THE TRICK! NOW I'LL SWEAR YUH
IN AS MUH POSSE --HA, HA, AND
WE CAN GET GOING!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AND AS THE TWERP GANG RIDES OFF--

NOW REMEMBER, WHEN WE GET THE GOLD WE DON'T COME BACK HYAR! WE HEAD FER THE CAVE AT THE RIVER'S EDGE! THAT'LL BE OUR FIRST STOP ON OUR WAY TO THE NEW HIDE-OUT!



LATER--

THERE, I FINALLY WORKED MY WAY OUT OF THESE ROPES!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT WHEN ROCKY REACHES THE CARSON CITY JAILHOUSE...

---AND WHEN I GOT TO THE DEPOT, THEY TOLD ME SOME MARGHAL HAD PICKED UP THE GOLD FOR ME AT VALLEY JUNCTION! BUT IT WAS NEVER DELIVERED TO MY BANK!

MAIBE YOU WILL, SHERIFF, AFTER I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED! I'M ROCKY LANE, UNDER-COVER MARSHAL!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BANKER WILSON!

AND AFTER ROCKY TELLS HIS STORY...

THEN THE POSSE WHO PICKED UP THE GOLD WAS A BAND OF OUTLAWS USING YOUR CREDEN-TIALS!

JAIL HOUSE

NOW WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT BY CHECKING THE STATIONMASTER AT THE VALLEY JUNCTION DEPOT! LET'S GO!



LATER, AT THE VALLEY JUNCTION DEPOT...

---AND WHEN HE SHOWED ME HIS CREDENTIALS PROVING HE WAS THE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL ROCKY LANE, I GAVE HIM THE GOLD!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BOSS OF THE GANG LOOKS LIKE, BUT I'D RECOGNIZE THE TWO CRITTERS I SAW IN THE HILLS IF I SEE THEM AGAIN!

THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADED ACROSS THE BORDER BY NOW!



THEY WOULDN'T TRY TO CROSS THE BORDER WITH A BUCKBOARD OF STOLEN GOLD IN THE DAYTIME! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND THEM BEFORE IT GETS DARK!

I SAW THEM GO THAT WAY--DOWN TOWARD THE RIVER, MARSHAL!



I RECKON WE MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW, MARSHAL! WE MAY HIT ON THEIR TRAIL!

RIGHT, SHERIFF! LET'S GO!



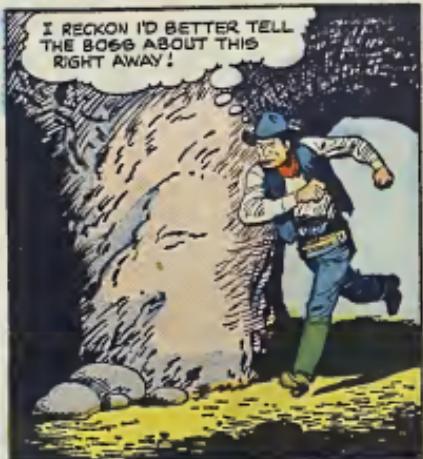
Shortly after--



But what none of them see--



I RECKON I'D BETTER TELL THE BOSS ABOUT THIS RIGHT AWAY!



At the same time--

I OPINE WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK! WE'RE NOT ACCOMPLISHING ANYTHING HERE!

I SUPPOSE SO, BUT DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, MR. WILSON! I'VE NEVER MET A CROOK OR GANG YET WHO WAS SMARTER THAN THE LAW!



While in the cave--

I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL! THEY RODE OFF NOW, BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL SHOW UP AGAIN! THEY MUST SUSPECT WE'RE AROUND HYAR.



WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE LAWMEN OFF ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE SO WHEN IT GETS DARK, WE CAN MAKE A BREAK FOR THE BORDER ! NOW HARPY, HYARS WHAT I WANT YUH TO DO --



AFTER TWERP EXPLAINS HIS SCHEME---

OKAY, HARPY ! THE COASTS CLEAR !

NOW MAKE SURE ROCKY LANE ISN'T AROUND WHEN YUH GO INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ! YUH NEVER CAN TELL -- HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN YUH WHEN YUH KNOCKED HIM OUT IN THE HILLS !



DON'T WORRY ! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES-- NOT WITH MARSHAL ROCKY LANE !



SHORTLY AFTER--

THE SHERIFF'S ALONE ! GOOD !



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, COWBOY ?

HURRY, SHERIFF ! I JUST FOUND THE DEAD BODY OF A MARSHAL IN THE HILLS ! IT'S RIGHT NEAR THE BIG PINE BUSH !



I'LL ROUND UP A POSSE AND GO RIGHT OUT !

HE FELL FOR THE STORY ! HE'LL PROBABLY GO LOOK FOR ROCKY LANE TO GO ALONG, TOO, SINCE THE BOSS SAID TO SAY THE DEAD MAN WAS A MARSHAL. THIS WILL GET THE TWO OF THEM OUTTA THE WAY WHILE WE HEAD FER THE BORDER !



SAY ! HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE CRITTERS WHOM I SAW IN THE HILLS BEHIND THE BOULDER !



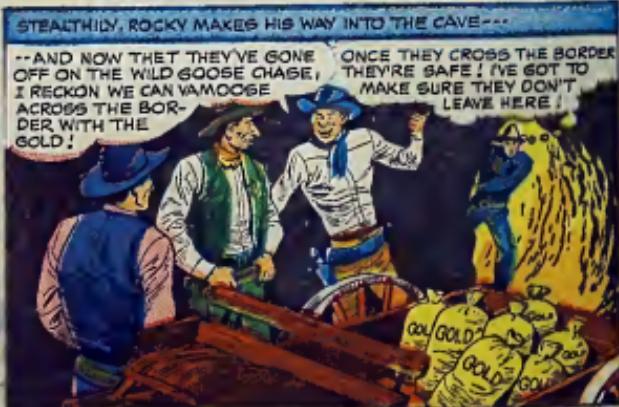
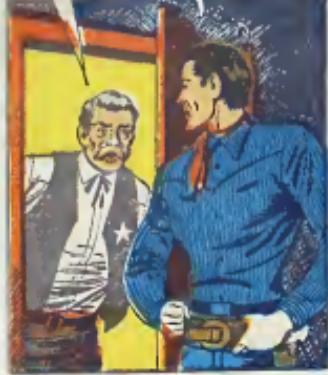
WAKE UP, ROCKY ---
OH, I SEE YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING !

I HEARD IT ALL, SHERIFF ! YOU'D BETTER CHECK THAT STORY ! I THINK IT'S A PHONY !

WHY ?
WHAT MAKES YUH THINK THAT ?
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, SHERIFF. I'VE GOT TO PICK UP THAT COVOTE'S TRAIL BEFORE HE GETS TOO FAR AWAY !

IF I'M RIGHT, I'LL HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU LATER !

OKAY, ROCKY ! MEAN- WHILE, I'LL GO SEE IF THERE'S A BODY AT THE BIG PINE BUSH !



AND I'VE GOT TO GET BACK.
WILSON'S GOLD! IT MEANS A
GREAT DEAL TO THE PEOPLE
OF CARSON CITY!



THEY OUTNUMBER ME, BUT
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



AS FAR AS I
COULD SEE THIS
IS THE ONLY
ENTRANCE TO
THE CAVE! I'LL
JUST SMOKE
THEM OUT!



MOMENTS LATER--

(COUGH! COUGH!)
THAR MUST BE A
FOREST FIRE!
WE'D BETTER
GIT OUT OF
HYAR!

LET'S GO! (COUGH!)
(COUGH!) WE CAN PICK
UP THE GOLD AFTER THE
FIRE'S OUT!



BUT AS THE GANG RUNS OUT--

YOU'RE RIGHT! THE
GOLD WILL BE SAFE
HERE UNTIL THE
SHERIFF PICKS IT UP
AND RETURNS IT
TO THE BANK!



(GULP!)
ROCKY
LANE!

AND THE REST OF THE WEST
WILL BE SAFER, TOO, AFTER I
PUT YOU ALL BEHIND BARS!
LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!
WE MADE A BIG HAUL
THIS TIME!



REUNION at the RUSTLERS

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I WERE VACATIONING AT THE DREW RANCH, WE WERE AWAKENED BY GUNSHOTS FROM THE RANGE...



THOSE RUSTLERS BEEN STEALIN' N BRANDIN' A LOT OF MY CALVES... BUT I CAN'T PUT THE LAW ON 'EM 'TIL I CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT OF BRANDIN'!

I HAVE AN IDEA... GET THE SHERIFF HERE TOMORROW, AND THEN...

THE NEXT EVENING...

WE LOCK MOMMA COW HERE IN THE SHED, WHILE MR. DREW TAKES HIS MEN OFF WATCH...



LATER... THE RUSTLERS HAVE STOLEN THE UNGUARDED CALVES... THE COW, ANXIOUS TO SEARCH FOR HER MISSING CALF, IS RELEASED...

IT'S A CHANCE-- BUT SHE MAY LEAD US TO HER CALF... AND THE RUSTLERS!



WHAT JIM TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT "P-F"**

HERE'S HOW "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GIVE YOU EXTRA SPEED AND COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

Y'KNOW, THESE "P-F"'S OF YOURS ARE MIGHTY EASY ON THE FEET... WE BEEN FOLLOWING THAT COW OVER TWO HOURS AND I AINT TIRED YET!

HOPE SHE FINDS HER CALF BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT AND THEY SEE US COMING!



CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED!
GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU
BOYS...

... AND OUR
"P-F"'S, SHERIFF!

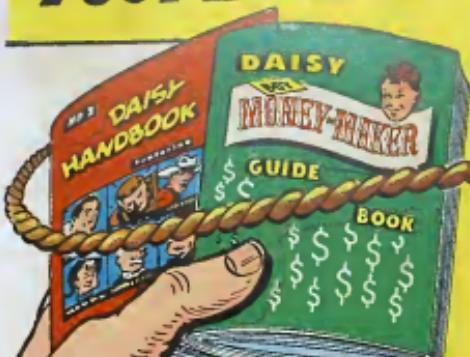
FOR EXTRA SPEED,
ENERGY AND COMFORT,
INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS
SHOES! GET YOUR
"P-F"'S NOW!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
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—Little Beaver



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DOWN MODEL

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